on the drug nestled in its fangs
On the philanthropic ogre & his wife
on the manhandled tomb of chance
on the seed of the lyric / which is caca
On aerial dung
on topaz eye-snot
on Charleville's resplendent cranium
On the rats still fleeing the Drunken Sea
on tenderness
on flabbiness
& on defenselessness
On toads' etheric belches
on boiling bloods
on shadows
on the dawn's rosy phlegm-ball
on the insensible mirror I've picked for a street
on the canyons of tumescent Venus
On the banquet plate
on the bedpans of truce
on the rotten mushroom & its trident
On the hereditary cancer of the US Army
on the long lineage of crap
Radiance & abyss / randomness & wind
The open vein from coccyx to clavicle
The lap of drunkenness
The flame of clogged harps
On the armpitless groins of deathcreating God
on the soft & manifold sound 2 tears make
: on the sea : on its deserts :
& on myself

TRANSLATOR'S NOTE

Cole Heinowitz

Mario Santiago Papasquiaro (1953-1998) is the pseudonym of José Alfredo Zendejas Pineda, the poet immortalized as Ulises Lima in Roberto Bolaño's novel The Savage Detectives. Born in Mexico City, Santiago came of age during a period of acute political repression, artistic censorship, and violations of academic autonomy that culminated in the 1968 Tlatelolco Massacre, in which hundreds of student protesters and bystanders were killed and injured. The literary society Santiago encountered when he began writing poems in 1974 was stultifyingly conservative. Turning for inspiration to Surrealism, Stridentism, Dada, the Beats, and Latin American avant-gardes such as the Peruvian group Zero Hour, Santiago and a handful of friends—among them Bolaño—founded the revolutionary poetry movement, Infrarrealism. According to Santiago, the Infrarrealists were "[r]adical vagabonds, fugitives from the bourgeois university" and state-sanctioned culture. They wrote from the streets, not from drawing rooms and lecture halls. They attacked the institutionalized pieties of intellectual abstraction with raw physicality and psychedelic vision. They spoke the voice of the thief, the addict, the tramp, and the madman, not the voice of Octavio Paz or the PRI. They engaged in what Santiago referred to as "cultural terrorism," sabotaging poetry workshops, interrupting the readings of prominent literati to declaim their own poems, smashing cocktail glasses, and starting fistfights. In the words of its founders, their aim was "to the blow the lid off the brains of official culture."

RELENTLESS SONG

I shit on God
& all his dead
I shit on the sacrament
& on the virgin's little cunt
I shit on the dead
of the God of God
on the arrogance of Friedrich Nietzsche
on my soul's trembling flesh
& on the nettles in the air of the atheist
on the premature death of the just
on the transience of sex & its sparks
On the animal word
On the imagination-rhizome
On the desiccated teats of learning
On the cleft of worlds
I shit
Focused on the fire of my pores
on this alcohol-sickness that shakes me
on the infinite eye of my footprints
on the clusterfuck's savage fury
on impossible death & its offerings
On the warming serpent's mud
on the rocks of the beloved
on my skull's levitation
on the crippled heart of the unspeakable
On the aqueous aleph of my wounds
on my killer's vitreous malaise
on the hand of pleasure

I turn Ash Wednesday into Thursday
Because all bullet wounds are sacred
From the first to the last

A collection of poems by Mario Santiago Papasquiaro,
Translated by Cole Heinowitz and Alexis Graman

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ECCE HOMO

Fallen from the cloud least likely to explode
Nonetheless / in revolt against this bitter trunk
Drop by drop frog & moss
expiation of stone without torrent
I drain the blood like 1 bull by the horns
of the slimy stump my will clings to
I'm the African bee that outsmarts every trap
The exact God kneels down to blow the deranged God's cock
Cain gives himself to Abel transformed as 1 salamander of marigold & myrrh
There shall be no mirror closer to the wounds of my tongue
I'm the man that cries
that grabs the little he finds
The cavity the woman sucks in order not to bite me
The confused Arc of the Covenant
The snipe's wing
The unabsorbable blood
The kilos of wax accumulated
behind the glass fence of my anesthetized solar ear
I'm the last courtyard of the last undrugged asylum
I have no sex / I respect nobody
I enjoyed living
I kiss my death
I grasp it
I swing it
I splash it
I squander it
There's no larva that hasn't caught my virus

:: *godbirth in flagrante* ::
Puns the stellar will
You sit down to chew the echo its film of centuries
/ sweated & shot in 1 brothel called *The gift of laughter* /

Now it really is March
—the high month of magic—
The hare ejaculates in 1 taxi
that whines around curves / burning from its nails to its halo

They stripped essence bare!
cries the ice cream man

While 2 lobes pierce their discharge
in the same crater where 1 corner is born

Now / yesterday & forever

In the intimate iris of all beasts
That lick the final twilight tumor of science & consciousness

I kill what I speak
:: *Swan's howl* ::

SECOND-HAND HEROES: SIX YOUNG MEXICAN INFRARREALISTS

For a sleepless art / against an opiate art
—César Moro

I decided to crush them & leave them only 1 cm. of ground . . . but I didn't have a tape measure
—Groucho Marx

TO GROUCHO,
CHICO & HARPO
SO THEY FEEL
OUT OF PLACE

In 1968: less than 15 years old / watching gringo shows on T.V. / soldiers in the streets / flesh and blood communists agitating everywhere. Onward from there: living experience, living nightmare, living utopia / Emotion, sensation, the certainty of diving into chasms every moment transforming / Radical vagabonds, fugitives from the bourgeois university (the mediocrity of teaching is the teaching of mediocrity). They'd traveled highways, jungles, beaches where the Hon. Department of Tourism was trawling for at least some sickly "underground" / & they gassed & beat them, & they held their fists in the air, joking about LOSERS' POWER. Poetry (the rhetoric that went by that name) didn't involve them at all / Becerra, Pacheco couldn't stand as alternatives anymore: the risk was elsewhere / "Imaginative animals," Norman Brown said, citing some de Sade, Vatsayana & laughing / The moon was all over them, viscous / intrinsic, like it left rationalism for dead under the tires of a trailer out there in the Orion constellation / And Anguish was the only urban

guerrilla they recognized under those skies of lard, ice, and smog that weren't only psychic. / In the street, not the libraries, Rimbaud appeared with a link to visions / in neighborhoods more crowded than old oriental hermitages, in the lobbies of movie houses sophisticates call "fleabag" / Drunks looked on with their traffic light eyes like smudged mirrors where the red & the dead sea join / Impatience started playing touch football with the strongest little apes of its formal logic / The precious poets spoke of metal sunsets, skies blazing like plums / and read the newspapers / to get a job / the least feudal, the least vampiric / Their slogans: love (to the nth degree) another kind of need (to an exponential power) a radiance called Whisky, an incomplete reality, a sun that looked like radar, microscope, mystic eye, spying on us, radiotelegraphing us the inside and out of every shiver / And that's how they escaped the gilded scorpion of Custom and its swollen downpours didn't touch them and its chloroform wires didn't ensnare them / In the street, not the libraries, life danced its H2oest revelations / its wisest & most unrestrained proportions.

Slide inside the vagina of a living whale / Is there some way to do this before 1985? Nam June Paik in a letter to John Cage.

And in the gardens of the Museum of Modern Art you & I kissed, sweating, trembling, in the counterculture's best jam session, & Edvard Munch took notes on us for an engraving that would of course become totally commercial & very famous / Deliriums, fractures, Totem-reality, New sensations pointing toward Another Nature.

You can smell the hot days coming, full of blood / There's a revolution going on in our skins: I can still see Darío reading Auden, Lewis Carroll, the Marquis de Sade, walking across rooftops, through the basement of PS 1 like the Divine Genet; still escaping from the Neurology Unit, learning to live the density of his marginal experience, following the footsteps of terrorist dancers to the beaches of Zopilote, refusing to compromise with the gay right; Mara Larrosa: fighting in women's liberation movements: discovering the body's alchemy, Nijinski's loins, the possibility of a dance that goes beyond those caveman supermarkets / primitive, savage (transparent rock), sending us a kiss from the background of an Albers painting, NO to Heartbreak. And Rubén plays on the harmonica and Peguero knocks on the door / & they don't let him in / & he throws a peso at the window / & breaks

Now & forever

The way is made
: Convulse yourself :
The laws of Space are finished
the time that wounded the helm's fate killed itself
Living is jargon & cramping up is stupid
The light sticks its cock in itself
under the bridge charged with electroshock
Death is the fire that resurrects
the raw scum of the frying pan
Death is not death
Its eternal scar blossoms
Like the voice of childbirth
Or like the voice / simply /
Like the flower of the voice
Here the *You* is I
The mousetrap & the mouse taken from her
Just now *** jabbered Genesis
The flask in its maw dripped lizards
the open fly of its unreal sidewalk
/ Hypotheses are proven by tasting them /
André Breton eats shit
Being feeds on non-being
The octopus & the snake screw exploding
—Facing Chaos—
Mythology is real & whistled just now
jilted by 1 equation

From days on earth to the torture chamber
1 mandrake transforms its poison into the scent of 1 woman

SWAN'S HOWL

Trapped in the corridors of the Hotel Sphinx
Man is 1 temporal & contingent
being / thrust between 2 nothings
Bound to his own perceptions
Flowering at random between moon & buttocks
Sewn to the hook of his spirit
& leaking body from all sides
of the infinite concentration camps
Zenith & Nadir
: such is his sign :
/ the gallows stamped in his entrails /
The scorched visage still vomits splendor
Man is 1 moral but astringent king
1 butterfly of the Outside
1 bat that bursts the sac
carrying its strangled conception

Heaven was born as if from the gout
& axial pain as if from the bone
1 hairpin cleft between mountains
1 banquet constellation of red ants
1 wingless kiss where the river ends
Man is 1 sawed-off celestial being
Syntax decked in stars
The heart's will
/ that runs wild & lingers to the beat of the drum
underlining vertigo's eyelids
drowning the ghost of all explanation in semen /

it, dynamiting the eardrums of its nazi landlord. Under the table legs at the Café Havana, instructing the hips of clueless groupies in funk dive bars, inventing private shibboleths at Campus meetings while the eye of Cuauhtémoc Méndez laughs hysterically at Renato Leduc's jokes and the other guy rolls through the streets hanging by the Leon Trotsky goatee that José Revueltas and Buffalo Bill wished they had.

What was contained overflows / what was silenced speaks through arms and legs / what was unseen is visible and heavy / it takes the flavor of a mouth forced open / a flavor of armpits and trees / what was hardly a voice is now voice, mouth, and spit / What was nothing is back.

Mexican poetry stops being (Villaurrutia my dear) an anemic *night in which nothing is heard.*

STATUS & REVOLUTIONS / COME & GO

Back then air was 1 crab sliding off the peak of my wave
the magnetism of pores / of streets / of shouts & drainpipes
had wrinkled like the so-called climate of feet upon necks
Swamps kept comfortably playing the moan's pianola in our beds
The moon oozed
They murdered guerrillas & dumped them in turbid rivers
Fog hovered—excessively
Spaceships swelled—with anthill diarrhea—our dreams
& even the cinemas' silence was suspended by the wetness
of our erogenous knife the gunned-down laughter of the dead

the sacred water we drink
as from the vulva of 1 beehive

This daughter of heaven
this deviant thirst that inebriates gates
At the feet of her mystery
we come to bow down

May the roots of our eyes neither scorn nor avoid her
Her wing burns / the flame of her breath
Her bedroll is my bedroll
Our marriage / celestial

TO OUR LADY OF GUADALUMPEN

For my virgin's cumbia shawl
for her brown-skinned sexiness
for her ghostly emergence
when they were nailing horseshoes
in the my lifeblood's hearts
& the hills rang with moans & blasphemies

For the halo of mockingbirds she spoke with
In the singsong of backwater towns
or the nopal fandango
Black pearl / flushed face
Wet stain
I've come to claim these "Children's Songs"
these Mexicans from below
these faded divinities
from the crater of the wound
we come to summon her

So the dogs don't carry her off
so they don't hawk psilocybin at her spirit's carnival
We offer silken flowers
All-out war on the horseshit of corrals

To look straight at her solar decay
at this maggot that disturbs
the grave senility of magueys

DID YOU NOTICE HOW THE SEINE DOESN'T LOOK US IN THE EYE ANYMORE & HOW THEY FILLED THE GARE DE LYON WITH PROPAGANDA OFFERING $$ FOR THE CAPTURE OF THE BAADER MEINHOFF GROUP?

FOR FRANK VENAILLE & PAUL TILLMAN

I embrace my next suicide
as my sharpest poem
my consummate poem
In the Kenacort & Valium-10 seats
of 1 cut-rate cinema at Barbès & Rochechouart
kissing with rabid-white rat kisses
Daisy's flowering thighs /
mistress & queen of my laughter
& I embrace her : I embrace her
as 1 lush embraces his rotten liver
or 1 exile from the Communist Party

embraces the voice that screamed: *To hell with Marx*
he's washed in the piss of Utopia
& if they think the Bogart film's damaged or washed out
or the magic flute of hash
can't quite cover the swollen—bulging—
galleon of my lungs in Spanish doubloons
What heroic act
what keatonesque face
will be left us
except the 1 where we catalelepticoluciferianistically
position ourselves like corpses
on the salt-back of 1 imaginary railroad
& there / from that position / from that enclosure
walk our least gnarled paw
across the least melted spotlight of our eyes
until we can't tell the hairs on our head from the hair on our balls
the eruptions of Mount Venus
from the lava of the Vigilant Mind
While we sing on empty stomachs
1 *euphoric thick hot cacao of a tune: There's no future*
& plunge to the bottom
wells? / divers? / gold diggers? / brewers of *what*?